

# THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1866.

NUMBER 20.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**NATHAN ADAMS,**  
Office in Court-house next to Post Office,  
**WILL PRACTICE LAW**  
in Chancery and Circuit Courts of Giles. He will  
Attend to the Collection of Claims  
against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay,  
or claims for property—and charge nothing for such  
cases until the money is collected. [Feb 18-9m]

**SOLOMON E. ROSE,**  
**Attorney & Counsellor at Law,**  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,  
**WILL PRACTICE**  
in the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties. [Feb 18-9m]

**AMOS R. RICHARDSON,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. [Jan 19-10f]

**T. M. N. JONES,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will Practice in Giles and the Adjoining Counties.  
**OFFICE,**  
West side Public Square, Up-stairs, over the Store  
of May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee  
House. [Jan 18, 9m]

**P. G. STIVER PERKINS,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
**OFFICE**  
In North end of the Tennessee House, west side  
of the public square. [Jan 12-17f]

**BROWN & McALLUM,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker  
& Brown. [Jan 6, 1f]

**RUTLEDGE & REED,**  
**Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,**  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,  
Marion and Lawrence. Particular attention  
given to the collection of claims. Office, e. corner  
Public Square, Up stairs. [Jan 6, 1f]

**LEON GODFREY,**  
**Watch Maker & Jeweller,**  
PULASKI, TENN.  
All kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry  
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.  
Shop at Mason & Ezell's Store. [Feb 18-10f]

**J. M. ROBINSON, O. S. BUTLER, JR., R. F. KARNER.**  
**J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods**  
**NOTIONS, & C.**  
No. 125 Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth,  
Jan 18-10f. LOUISVILLE, KY. [2m]

**DR. J. F. GRANT, DR. C. C. ABERNATHY.**

## MEDICAL CARD.

**DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,**  
Pulaski, Tenn.  
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of  
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their  
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining  
counties; and hope by strict attention to business  
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
Special Attention Given to Surgery.  
Having had ample experience in the Army during  
the war and being supplied with all the appliances  
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases  
entrusted to their care.  
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.  
Jan 8-9m

**ALEX. BOOKER, CAL. BOOKER.**  
**TONSorial.**  
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the Art Tonsorial,  
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the  
idle of Pulaski to call on them at their new  
BARBERS' SALOON,  
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

**Ezell & Edmundson,**  
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.  
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted  
**STOCK OF GOODS,**  
Embracing a great variety,  
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially  
their elegant stock of  
Ready Made Clothing.  
All kinds of Baiter, all kinds of money, premium  
and uncurrent, taken at their market value.  
Jan 5-1f.

**Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,**  
**House Carpenters & Joiners,**  
PULASKI, TENN.  
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short  
notice and in the most approved style.  
Window sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at  
the best of prices.  
**FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.**  
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds  
and sizes at short notice. [Jan 5-6m]

**L. W. McCORD,**  
**Book and Job Printer,**  
CITIZEN OFFICE,  
N-EA ST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be  
taken from the office until paid for.

**M. D. Le MOINE,**  
**ARCHITECT,**  
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
P. O. Box 575. [Jan 1 1866-9m]

For the Pulaski Citizen.

There is, probably, no medium of communication between man and man, which yields so potent an influence in moulding, correcting and refining public taste as a newspaper well and ably conducted. Nor is there anything which so much strengthens and improves the intellectual faculties as written composition. Let not fear of criticism deter any one. It is only by a friendly interchange of ideas; each pointing out to the other the errors committed, that we can hope to arrive at anything like perfection. It is in this spirit that I allude to the communications in your paper of 3d instant.

"To Eudono" and "Memories" are not faultless, yet they are so beautiful, pure and chaste in style, and there runs through each so much that is pure and good, so much touching pathos, and tender feelings of heavenly sweetness, that we rise up from their perusal better creatures, and go out to the stern duties of life satisfied that woman can and does love with a depth and disinterestedness that man can never feel, and which the good and true, everywhere, must admire.

"My Sabbath Morn Lesson" is certainly by a boy; though he says no school-boy. The faults of his effort are many; faults of Syntax, faults of Prosody, faults of Grammar generally.

"The same is still reported Among the Jews till yet" contains a repetition of ideas hardly justified by the necessity for "rhyme," for although

"Rhyme with reason may dispense And sound has right to govern sense," still the correspondence of sound is too slight between "yet" and "taught" to warrant the error in point. And the beginning of his letter "If any worth or merit are" &c., violates a plain rule of Grammar, while the too frequent use of abbreviations such as I'd, I'm, I'er, 'tis, &c., tend greatly to lessen the merit of any prose composition.

To "Thaddeus" we would say that purity of style is the first requisite of all composition, and more especially of such as is intended for the general reader, and which has so much to do in directing public taste to a "nice and delicate perception of beauty and propriety in literature." One of the means to be employed to attain this degree of excellence, consists in avoiding undignified expressions and employing only such words as are authorized by good usage. "Fly into a passion," "grip your teeth," "swear," "young buck," "Old Back," "Reb," "it won't pay," "old gal," "spendulix," &c., &c., detract very much from the effect and dignity of a composition.

"Love is innate," "conscience is innate," innate is it not? Besides Kant and Locke will pretty well satisfy you that there is no such thing as an "innate idea." Love is a passion and may be inborn (we doubt even that, though), but conscience is a faculty requiring an exercise of judgment and will, and hence is the child of Education, and will never enlighten us as to the morality or immorality of an act, till we are taught by divine Revelation and the Church in what Right and Wrong consist.

Again, he says "Custom has perfected our language and formed society." Custom is frequent repetition; and will only tend to perpetuate a thing as it finds it, or wear it out; hence could have nothing to do in perfecting a language or forming society. Man's eminently social nature and gregarious habits, together with Necessity, are the great agents in both cases.

"Had I been born," "had have belonged," "had have picked up." No authority for the combination "had have." I have written this, Mr. Editor, in no spirit of censure, civil, or fault-finding, but with the hope that both the spirit and the object will be understood and appreciated. The tone of the literature of the day, to meet approval must be good; not solidly good, perhaps—superficial it may be, and occasionally false; but still there must be more right than wrong.

The study of literature, not yellow-backed nonsense devoured with so much avidity by the young of both sexes; but History, Rhetoric, Belles-Lettres and Romance; the cultivation of a refined taste by the study of the fine arts; as poetry, music, painting and sculpture; the development of a high order of literary talent, and an uniring pursuit of knowledge it must be admitted are not characteristics of our people. The breadth, the number, so to speak, of square feet of learning is very great; the solid contents, cubic feet, very small. A smattering or superficial acquaintance with the general truths of science, and a slight familiarity with the surface ideas of a few of the great literary lights of the past constitute the sum-total of the attainments of nine-tenths of our young men and ladies. We are no ultraist; no fanatic, and hence are no advocate of the idea that every moment of time should be devoted to labor.

"There is a time to play." Both the mind and body require relaxation, rest and recreation. An occasional social party, a drive, dance or picnic no liberal mind can object to. They may be refining in their influence, and tend to knit together "with hooks of steel" the hearts of a naturally social people. But that, not hours, but months and years should be spent in idle lounging upon the street-corners retailing the stale gossip and staler jokes of the day, and adorning their language with the "slang" so much in vogue; discussing the "good points" of some one's "pointer," the best kind of fish-bait, or the peculiar qualities of "my" double barreled shot gun, is a phenomenon rarely to be met with elsewhere.

How many of our young men are graduates of any school, and who but seems to think that having "quit school" he is educated, and, hence, seldom opens a book! How few realize the fact that graduation is but the A, B, C, of education, and that if we would be learned we must drink deep at the Plerian spring. We must be students for life. He, who, having the opportunities, fails to improve them, lives for no purpose, and is but a cipher in the community where he exists. With, probably, a half dozen worthy exceptions, Music is but indifferently understood; and as to Painting, is there a single piece, in our midst, worthy of a frame, which is not the work of a stranger? Why, too, have we not a permanent literary society? An association for the advancement of the arts or sciences, whose meetings should be characterized by dignity, and whose members should be willing to renounce, for a few hours, the business of life, and devote their energies to the service of literature, discussing their questions like men, and not contenting themselves with multiplying inept addresses and sonnets. There is no feature, perhaps, which distinguishes the civilized from the savage state more than the establishment of such societies.

But to give, even a cursory glance at the benefits accruing to a community from literary pursuits, would far exceed our narrow limits. The effect of literature on the moral habits of man is incalculable. The more special tendencies of literary habits, seem to be to soften the disposition—to melt down rancorous feeling—to encourage benevolence of sentiment, and a ready sympathy with generous conduct. They serve, essentially, to promote self-denial and self-devotion, and virtue of the higher order. All that relates to beauty, grandeur, harmony, and elegance—all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections belongs to them.

CONSEILUM.  
[From the Nashville Gazette.]  
To Jack Shivers.

FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN.  
Mons. Jacques Sheevares; at home on de leste Rivare:  
Oh, Mons Jacques Sheevares, you tink I know you not. You hide, you sneak, you get behind de tree, rien l'arbre, recumbent, you get in de cave. \* \* \* \* \*

You go to de devil. But I know you. You one dam rebel ha, sar, one dam rebel! You fight, you steal, you run, you make one grand commotion in generale, and one leste fuss in particulars. You get de rapulse—de overthrow. You capture l'diable, sar. You stop de fight, you stop de steal, you stop de run, you stop de grand commotion, but you continue conduct de leste fuss in particulars, sar. I will expose you, sar; I bring you to light; I make you known; I give you my mind; I give you one grand verbal baston. Hah! Mons. Jacques Sheevares, at home on de leste rivare! I know you, sar. I know your face—I know your eyes—I know de color your hair—I know you right side—I know your left side—I know your front side—I know your back side. Hah! Mons. Jacques Sheevares! you tink I know you now, eh? Sar, if you say I not know you now, I tell you, sar, you be one leste sense man. How you feel now, hah? How your wife feel? How your children feel? How your familie feel? How Madam Loggins feel? How all your neighbors feel? Mons. Jacques Sheevares, on de leste rivare, you tink I not know you now, hah? I tell you your name, sar. I tell you your name! Hah! how you feel now? Mr. Trimble will hang you, sar. You feel de leste scare now. Well, sar. Mons. Trimble will put you in de rap de dance.

Mons. Fletcher will put you in de unassumetion petition wit de datch. How you feel now? de more scare don't you? Well, sar dat is not all. Le Gouverneur! Sacrel how he will scare you. He will donate de hell to you, sar. How you feel now, Mons. Jacques Sheevares, at home on de leste rivare? You feel de big scare, hey? Well your name is Smith, sar—Jack Smith, sar; and your wife is name Jack Smith; and your big children, and your leste children is name Jack Smith, sar; and your grand-father and your grandmother is name Jack Smith, sar. Aha, Jack Smith! You know your name now, hey, Mons. Jacques Sheevares, at home on de leste rivare? So you live in Smith county, sar. And you one shoe de horse Smith. You tink I know you now, sar? You stop conduct de leste fuss, you keep de peace, or you capture le diable one,

two, three times from me, sar.  
NAPOLÉON LAFAYETTE AUGUSTE JULE CÉ-  
SAR DU RAVINE.

N. B.—My compliments to Madame Loggins. Supplicate her no more talk of use-de bloody implement. She is one veteran soldier; she retire from de strife. She stand de charge bayonet no more; she have no danger from no one—no, not Mons. Duggaine himself.

Oh! Dinah is a pretties fillee.  
Her friends dey all perveit it;  
But Duggaine, he her heart did steal,  
And he, O he'll not leave it.  
Clarksville, Tenn.

Jack Shivers' Reply.

To the Little French son uv a bitch that writ me that Insultin Letter:

Sar, Jeems red to me tother nite your riggermarole uv outlandish lingo, and altho thur worst much in it that a decent, civilized man could onderstan, I kotch enuff on it to see that you was a impertinent little puppy, that ort to have your nose twisted and your hed busted with a big hickery stick. Jeems got so mad when he red it, that he tore the paper up and flung it in the fire. He swore he would go to Nashville yearly the next mornin an demas who you was. Ef he was to lay his hane on you, he'd make you shake wuss than a dog with a fit. That boy fout at Chicamogy. He thar seed the hole Yankee army turn pale, throw down their guns, and git back to Chattanooga like the very devil made 'em. There the young Confederacy made people respect her. Now she's ded and white livered kowards, that was afeerd to cum nigh her when she was powerful, strut aroun and amuse themselves kickin her ded karkas. It takes a full blooded koward to do it, and there's more engaged in that business now than ever went out to fite her. Havin fout at Chicamogy, and many other battles, Jeemes ain't afeerd, I can tell you. I perswaded him not to kick up a fuss just now but to wait awhile fur sumthin to turn up. You aint safe yet, by a long site. Ef you hav got a wife and childers, I would advise you to have your life inshored fur thur benefit, as they wont have to wait long fur the money. Ef you have got any property, it would be prudent for you to make a will—it will go to rekord before any of the witnesses to it is likely to dy.

What do you mean by callin me "Mons. sieur Jacques Sheevares"? Do you take me fur a Frenchman, too, you drootted little fool? You make out like you know me monsters well, but I never seed you, or heard tell uv you before. Ef you had knowed who I was, you wouldn't er ventur'd to letter for all the money that Bottled Beast Butler tuck off from New Orleans. There aint nigger soldiers enuff in the State to have made you do it. I aint afeerd uv your long name and your jabberin. It don't have no more effect on me than the kakkin of a snea chicken. One is about as nigh to human talk as tother. You wont have time to kakle more uv that French when Jeems swings corners with you. One glance uv his eagle eye will make you melt like a saucer uv butter before a hot fire, and run down into your boots.

You say that Mr. Trimble is a gwine to hang me. How did you find that out? When is he agwine to do it? Who'll he git to hold me while he's at it? I know he has bin appointed hangman uv the radderkals, but how do you know he's agwine to hang me? I'm told that everybody that rites his name will be required to put R. H. (Radical Hangman) after it, just like they put D.D. after Dorey's name. I always knowed John Trimble was appreciated, and that he'd reach the position that his genus qualified him fur, ef he had a half er chance. He's proved himself to be a intellectual giant in a body, the like uv which never assembled on this koninent before. To be a leade man in that krowd—to be the head brayer in that amagov of jackasses, ort to satisfy enny common ambition. But he didn't rest satisfied with this high distinction. He sot his eye on the highest office that enny subject could reach under his auzer. The post he now holds is next to the throne itself. The Knight uv the Rope and Halter is the bully boy with the glass eye in court circles; I am perfectly aware uv all that; but don't you lose no sleep about his hangin me. Ef he was to try it, his hand would tremble so he couldn't tie the rope. He belongs to the large class uv gallant heroes spoken uv by Andy Johnson, that was at home under the bed, while the war was a goin on. I aint afeerd uv no such, and I dont feel no "leste scare," as you call it, nor big skeer either. A man that didn't hav sand enuff in his gizzard to face a rebel that had a gun in his han, but now flaps his wings and flourishes his rope and insults the fallen, can never look Jack Shivers in the face and talk about a gallus. I clame to be an honest man. I am what I am—always have bin, and always expect to be. I know sum uv Squire Trimble's friens (and he aint got meeny, I can tell you) pretens to say he's crasy, and tries to excuse him on that ground. But I dont believe a wurd uv it. There aint no excuse for him. The most uv them thick-headed

fellars that he's a leade, aint got no better sense; but he has—he knows better. He was raised in Davison Kounty—has bin honored and supported by the people, and he knows that there aint better people in this world; but he has joined William G. Brownlow and his set to persecute and insult and rejeice below the level uv free niggers the people he was raised among, and to degrade men whose fathers, before they went to the grave, was Mr. Trimble's friens at a time when he needed frens, and he'll need 'em again before he gets 'em. Dont talk to me about his hangin me. I'd a heep rather hang him. Ef I ever do anything to be hung fur, dont insult me in my dyn moments by bringin any sich a man as that to tie the rope aroun my honest neck. I dont want the ongrateful hand that was raised agin his own people, a follie about my throat; fur when I die, no man can write upon my humble grave that I tried to take away the dearest right uv a freeman from the frens uv my youth—from the boys I played with, and the ole gray headed men that tuck me by the hand and stood by me in every trial. Ef that's what you call loyalty, then there aint a drop uv the infernal pisen in my veins. There's my kreed, and if I hadder bin by you, when you writ that insultin and degradin threat, I'd er stomped the life outen you, ingons, garlie and all.

And not satisfied with threatenin me with the great R. H., you say Fletcher will sine my name to a Dutch memorial. He'd rather sine his deth warrant or an order for his koffin. He may be a fool about some things, but he's got too much sense to do that. The Colonel uv a regiment that was never raised—the hero of a battle that was never fought—the great mountain warrior that was so anxious to fite fur the ole flag, that he went all the way to Richmond to git a kummishun from Jeff Davis to raise a regiment, burst through the rebel lines, broke his neck to git to the Union army, what he could jist stand and kill rebels all day without stoppin to eat, but after he got out uv tie rebel lines, went another way, tucked his tail before his legs, sneaked off to Indianapolis and hid hiself so enug that Brownlow had to git out a search warrant to find him after the war was over, and then had to swar to him the fite was over before he could git him outen his hole—talk about his puttin my name to Dutch memorial! You talk mighty like a fool. You must be some kin to Mullins. You are like the balance uv your tribe—a chatterin and jabberin and don't know what you are talkin about.

And you say that Brownlow will cuss me? Tell him jist to let hiself in ef he feels like it and I know he does. Tell him he may run both uv his cussin mereheens agin me at the same time—to one in Nashville, the other in Nocksville—let 'em cuss in big Roman letters, and in italicks daily and weekly. It will be much more healthy fur him to do his cussin by mereheens, fur ef he was to try it by wurd, with what I could hear him, I mite make a move that would cause him to think the Mississippi assasinator was atter him, and alarm him. You know he wont ride nowhar but on a railroad, and ef he was to cuss me what I could hear him, some axident mite happen to him before he could git to the kars. I don't want to hurt him. Fact is I feel sorter sorry for him sense ole Printiss turned him loose. You could er hurd the licks ole Printiss laid on his back a mile. I wouldn't er had sich a limbauster fur the whole uv Sneed and Crosier's estate. I see Brownlow has put his spurs on and mounted his high horse agin. He's agwine to git hurt. I don't mean that anybody is agwine to assassinate him and send him to the devil rite strait, but what I mean is he's agwine to be throwed and git his infernal nake broke. He kant blame me for it. I've give him fur warnin. I've told him worst and I tell him agin, the people uv this State aint agwine to be rid by him much longer. Thar back is a gittin sore and they are beginnin to prance now, and when they git to kickin up before, and kickin up behind, he kant stick on to save his life. He may put the franchise curb in thar mouths and dash the rowls into thar sides, but that will only make 'em wuss. Overbord he's bound to go, ef he leaves his boots a stickin in the stirrups. He thinks he's got things in a swing now. He's got a law possed fur the special purpose uv keepin his set in office, and thar is a law on the stocks to bankrup the State and steal everything that the people uv Middle and West Tennessee hav got. We hav lost all our niggers—big armies hav eat out our substance—our houses hav bin burnt—our fences destroyed—our muls and horses tuck away from us—we hav bin driv from the ballot box—we are hevely in det, and now they propose to steal from us what little the war has left us. The bonds uv the State is to be issued to pay loyal men fur thar losses. Everybody knows what that means. Brownlow is to appoint the commissioners to judicate the losses and Fletcher is to pay 'em. Even a fool knows how that will be done. Between fifty and a hundred millions will be saddled on us in that way. Rusty shined hounds that want worth nuthin but a dozen white-

head'd children and a big gourd, before the war, will prove a loss to the amount of ten thousand dollars. The commissioners will allow it and Fletcher will uv course issue the bons to pay it. Ef Brownlow and his set don't dwell in marble halls ef this scheme is carried out, it will be because they aint up to snuff in the sacrificin business. Thar will be a monstrous site of loyalty when that divide take place, fur loyalty kan smell money as fur as a buzzard kan smell a dead horse. The man in the scrip-ter that fell among thieves had gontee society compared to us. What are we to do? Thar aint but one thing to do. Let the people big and little, fur and near, just swar by the God that made 'em that they will never redeem a single one uv the bonds issued under that bill, while grass grows and water runs. Let 'em call out public meet-ins and giv warnin, that when they git thar own affars into thar own hane, that they will repudiate the last dollar and the last cent on every one uv them bons. Ef I stan by and see a feller sine my name to a note and han it over to er innocent man and don't say nuthin, then the man that gits my note mite think I ort to pay it. But ef I say to him, I did not authorise that man to put my name to that note, and ef you take it, I'll never pay you a cent uv it, he kant blame me ef I dont pay it. It aint worth while to be a standin back and sayin nothin and tryin to convince Brownlow and his set that we are willin to be good and loyal citizens. Every honest man knows that; we are in the hane of planderers and robbers and we must defend ourselves or our childers will starve, and our State will be ruined. Let the newspapers in the State stan by the people and take the ground at wonst that these bonds ef issued will never be paid. I wish I was the editor of a newspaper fur awhile. I'd let the people know in a manner that everybody could onderstand that thar war robbers at thar doors and to prepare to protect thar property. I seed a man yistiddy that had thirty thousand dollars and was on his way to Nashville to invest it in State bons when he heard uv that bill now before the Legislator, he turned roun and went back home and seed he wouldn't give a dime a bushel fur all the State bons you could bring him ef that bill passed, and he's awatin now to see whether it passes or not before he invest.

How much do you expect to steal under this bill ef it passes, you toad eatin h? How much did you lose by the war—was your sacrifices wuth? I suppose you want about thirty thousand dollars a year in a fether bed while better wares were outen your fite, wont you? And you hav the impudence to tell me that the steal! Ef I had er bin near you when you writ that lie, I'd er made you think by the time I got thur with you that you had bin damaged some. The Kommissars wouldn't er had to examine no wite to prove that you had bin damaged. sot your damages down whar he could er find it without spees.

Jest let your krowd keep on the road they are a travlin. I wouldn't turn em back ef I could. Sale on, O ship uv State. My book will be ready atter awhile. I'll warn the wax in thar ears. I've got the record uv the last one uv 'em. I'll tell some things on 'em (and prove 'em, too) that they don't know ennybody knows. I'll make Brownlow groan wuss than a boss with the belly ake. I know his hide is monstrous thick, but every lick I hit him I'll make him throw up his tail and grunt. I'll knock the scales off Fletcher in flakes as big as a pam-leaf-fan. I'll make Arnell run fur a tan vat faster than a rat ever tuck out fur his hole. Ole Mullins' shir-tail will whistle yankeedoodle in the wind on his way to his mill-pond to drown hiself. Duggan will strike a dog-trot fur Dinah's cabin and git under the bed and die thar. I'll make ole Wines' eyes pop outen his head like a kork outen a shampane bottle. I'll make the gallant knight uv the rope and halter utter the pigeon-wing so fast that his head will swim. And not to go into further particulars, I'll make the whole Dinah-Duggan dynasty, from its head to its tail, from Brownlow to the little quinine-peddler, riggle and equirm and squeal, wuss than one uv Fletcher's Dutchmen in the hane uv ole Miss Loggins. And by the way uv partin advice, don't you never let that ole woman lay her hane on you. When Jeems red that part uv your letter about her, she jumped up outen her cheer, knocked the churn over and spilt the milk all over the house. She grited her teeth wuss than the snappin uv a steel-trap. Ole Higgins has lost his wife and has a sorter uv a shy notion uv settin up to Miss Loggins, and she's afeerd, I think, that your allusion to her will injure her prospects. She stamped over the house and shook her clinched fist, and sed ef she could lay her hane on you, you little box-ankled, nook-need, bo-legged, pot-bellied, taggled-eyed puppy, she'd shake bull-frogs enuff outen you to stock Reel Foot Lake. And she'd do it, too.

At Home on de leste rivare.

A new fashion among the ladies consists of little bells worn on white kids and bonnets.